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The
COMMONWEAL

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The President and National Policy

OUR NATIONAL POLICY today, in the words of the President, has two major branches. First is hemispheric protection from Germany, with insistence "upon the vital importance of keeping Hitlerism away from any point in the world which could be used or would be used as a base of attack against the Americas." The other branch of the policy is aid to Britain. This policy is taken over by the Executive as part of naval and military administration. The methods used to carry this out "are being devised by our military and naval technicians."

The President said, "The pressing problems that confront us are military and naval problems." Therefore, there is no indication of the actual specific steps which the country is to take, and which everyone naturally wants to know. The President didn't say how warlike or how far short of war they will be. But the standards set up in the address are military and naval, and not political. Still, in the minds of his audience, the distinction is not sharp: some naval and military moves in the pursuit of the national policy would be interpreted as representing one political concept, and others would be interpreted as representing a different political concept. The politics of the administration will be demonstrated from day to day by the practical measures taken. The President's speech indicated a grave respect for the opinion of the public. The first military and naval consideration will probably continue to be the pressures exerted by Americans at home.

The President spoke from a position of tormenting responsibility and confusion. The categories of war and peace, defense and offense, and of political, economic and military affairs have been fused in the integration of modern life. It is hard to find a thread through the tangle. President Roosevelt delivered his searching address in a calm and statesmanlike manner, calling upon the groups of the population one after another, and not challenging or antagonizing any by tone or word or style. As an oration, it was not a "fighting" speech; the effect was restrained. The more one studies the document, however, the more flat and formal a declaration of undeclared war one finds it to be. The full meaning will appear from future works. But we pray that this nation is not integrating its life by the bare compulsions of military advantage. America's desired rôle is to make justice and peace the controlling elements in the unity of world policy.

Five and a Half Years of WPA

A PICTURE EVOKING many-sided response is presented in the recent cumulative report of work completed on WPA construction projects from the beginning of the program to January, 1941. The mass achievement of WPA construction workers is staggering. It does not sufficiently indicate the reality even to say, in the proud words of summary offered by Acting Commissioner Howard O. Hunter, that the WPA has built or equivalently improved 180 miles of road and nine new public buildings for every county in the United States; that its totals (built, improved, enlarged) are: of educational and recreation buildings, 50,684; of armories, 662; of landing fields (the WPA has been the largest single agent in airport construction), 545; of bridges and viaducts, 111,500; of sewage and water main mileage, 32,500; of sanitary privies (credited by the Public Health Service with a sharp reduction in rural disease), 2,120,000; of pumping stations, 3,000; of playgrounds, fields, parks and pools, 19,100; of fire and forest trails and firebreaking mileage, 11,500; of river-bank improvement mileage, 11,512.

Only the analysis of these and the other main heads into their elements will give any approach to the actuality of this beneficent army swarming over the country, draining, lighting, clearing out, expanding. And it is precisely here that the definition of the problem lies. Aside from the large proportion of this work which turns out to be almost indispensable to our new defense program,

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much of it was in itself necessary; all of it is constructive, in that it adds to the convenience or health of the separate communities. Yet these communities—whether lacking the precedent and training, or the psychological impulsion, or money, or all three—have found no way of initiating the work locally and paying for it locally, which is the healthy democratic procedure. Meanwhile, a serious shortage of skilled labor exists. There is terrible wastage, there are tragic cross-purposes, somewhere in our democracy. Let us not forget that when we take to lecturing the world.

The Optimism of Collaboration

"IT IS EVIDENT that France's fate will be determined to a large extent by the attitude she has taken during the remainder of Germany's war with Britain. . . . You do not seem to realize across the ocean that this is not a war like other wars; it is a revolution from which a new Europe—rejuvenated, reorganized and prosperous—must come. Liberty will remain. . . . Does the United States really want to paralyze our nation on the road to national recovery? Is the United States going to delay the hour when France can step boldly forward to the future. . . ?"

These are passages from an interview given by Pierre Laval to Ralph Heinzen of the UP. It makes no difference whether or not they were dictated by Hitler; it is immaterial whether or not Laval believes what he says. The fact is that this interview is the first to be given by anyone of any responsibility in a conquered country to express what lies behind "collaboration." It is the first time anyone has dared to say that if they must submit they may even hope—within the framework of a German-dominated Europe.

The Mysterious Orient

THE FAR EAST has a separated civilization. A few missionaries, a few people who support the missionaries, some business men, specialists of the army, navy, diplomatic services have some vision of China and Japan and the China Seas, but most of us are ignorant and unaware, like isolated communities before the steam engine—like self-centered communities before the Apostles were sent across the whole earth. A Japanese general claims that a Chinese army of 200,000 has been wiped out. The papers give it a short paragraph, the Chinese make a similarly astronomical counter-claim, interest flags and we forget to check up. "America must do more to aid war-stricken China, where there is more human misery than anywhere else in the world. . . ." This statement, which led off the United China Relief drive, is not questioned, but not comprehended either. Focusing on the European war, it is a hard act of discipline to look over our shoulder toward the Orient. And in the Far East are the most populous and stricken countries of the globe, and there also is a fleet which has more to say about American convoys than all the chest-beating admirals of the freshly depleted war armada of nazi Germany.

Some Place to Go

CITIZENS who are disturbed at the continuing tendency for government to manage every new large-scale enterprise in our national life, from housing to running subways, can find comfort in USO, "United Service Organizations for National Defense." Its work—providing our armed and civilian defense forces with recreation and help when "off post"—is something the government might very logically have decided to manage itself. Instead it merely will provide buildings which will be operated with funds contributed by the public. USO is a coordinating agency, combining the YMCA, YWCA, Salvation Army, Jewish Welfare Board, Travelers Aid and National Catholic Community Service.

The organization is designed to fill a very real, immediate need, and has the further purpose of helping to create the high level of morale which all Americans would wish for their army and navy. On June 3 starts the national drive to raise $10,765,000. USO, it should be pointed out, is entirely separate from the work of the official chaplains. Said Francis P. Matthews, speaking for the National Catholic Community Service, "We feel that the cooperation of these agencies in this way is democracy working at its best . . ."

More Efficient Food Distribution at Home

THE NATIONAL Nutrition Conference for Defense has revealed that regardless of the amount of food eaten, deficiencies in such substances as thiamin, riboflavin and nicotinic acid, which have been fully appreciated only the past four years, cause malnutrition, disease, stunted growth, mental and moral disabilities. Even slight malnutrition is now known to bring in its wake chronic fatigue, the lowering of resistance to disease, the loss of stamina and of will power and morale. Today for all our crop surpluses 40 percent of the American people are malnourished, 4/5 of them because of insufficent income. That is why the food stamp plan now operating for 4,000,000 people should be extended, as proposed, to all families with less than $1,000 annual income. It is good news that a nationwide program of education on diet is soon to be set in motion. A chart has been prepared to show how much of each of 10 essential food elements should be in the daily fare of people of all types and conditions. There are many factors involved, but compared with most major national problems, the solution of malnutrition is comparatively simple.

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St. Paul's First Century

A miniature glance at a typical American city's history and complexion.

By **Louis N. Sarbach**

WHEN THE notables of the National Eucharistic Congress gather in Minnesota this June, they will find that the city of St. Paul, in celebrating its first 100 years of existence, has gratefully chosen to signalize its Catholic origin. Chicago proclaimed its "century of progress" with an elaborate exposition on the shores of Lake Michigan. The citizens of St. Paul, with infinitely less hoop-la, will have erected a simple granite shaft to the memory of Père Lucien Galtier. The monument will stand in a downtown park that commands a sweeping view of the Mississippi, the watery road by which, in 1841, the French missionary from Dubuque came north to a wilderness settlement known by no other name than "the place where they sell whisky."

The shaft will be humble, but not as humble as the log cabin oratory which Père Galtier opened on November 1, 1841, and dedicated to Saint Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. Père Galtier's original community of eleven families has become the important Archdiocese of St. Paul, which supervises the religious affairs of more than 300,000 Catholics in an area of over 15,000 square miles.

When the young American government purchased the Louisiana Territory in 1803, it was necessary to find out just what Thomas Jefferson had bought from Napoleon Bonaparte for $11,250,000. In 1805 Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike was sent on a tour of exploration under orders "to proceed with all possible diligence up the Mississippi." At the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers he found a site which he described as the logical location for a military outpost. Fourteen years later, as part of Calhoun's plan for frontier defense, a battalion of infantrymen arrived with their families.

The prospects for an adventurous military career were extremely poor—there was, in fact, no attack on Fort Snelling for fully thirty years after its founding, and it became a frontier center from which settlement and civilization could spread. Aside from such purely routine duties as enforcing the law and protecting the mail service, the soldiers found themselves with time on their hands which, however, was constructively spent in surveying the region, making treaties with the neighboring Sioux and Chippewa Indians, road-building and raising crops. One of these latter was wheat (foreshadowing the agricultural greatness of Minnesota), which they took to be ground into flour at a mill they had built a few miles up the Mississippi at the Falls of St. Anthony (foreshadowing the industrial greatness of Minneapolis). Still more was foreshadowed when they erected a sawmill to make lumber for the buildings of the fort.

The region's only industry at this time was the fur trade. Now that there was a fort to provide protection, John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company established a small trading post across the river; the first steamboat to ply the upper Mississippi arrived in 1823, to the vast astonishment of the local Indians. But more than fur traders now began to visit the military reservation. Easterners, impressed by the stories of explorers, arrived to investigate the new country. From the French-Canadian settlements in the North, *voyageurs* and others were driven south by floods and grasshopper plagues in the Red River Valley. These latter clustered, some two hundred of them, about the fort as squatters.

Pig's Eye Pierre

One of these French-Canadians was an unsavory character with one eye named Pierre Parrant. For several years he had been making an illegal living selling a violent liquor in the neighborhood of the fort. The Indians called it *minnewawkon,* or "supernatural water." Some writers have dignified it by the name of whisky; actually it was made by filling a barrel with rank black-twist chewing tobacco, four gallons of bad whisky, a quantity of raw vitriol, and, for the rest, water from the river. After standing for a time, it became a real hell-broth.

In 1837 the squatters, including Parrant, were driven off the military lands. They moved some eight miles downstream and set up their shanties on a kind of natural shelf of the east bank, among the tall bluffs. Here they dispensed *minnewawkon* to a riotous crowd of Indians, half-breeds, *coureurs des bois,* and some soldiers from the fort. Of all these places, "Pig's Eye" Parrant's groggery was the most liberally patronized and seems to have set the "tone" of the neighborhood.

An evening at "Pig's Eye's" shanty must have been an experience for the ear and eye. "The

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drunken Indian hordes and the inebriate white men," an early historian reports, "caroused until their own conduct threatened to exterminate them all together.

"They bit off noses, broke craniums, dislocated spines, gouged out eyes, and disembowled each other with knives. They went raving mad and killed each other with guns, billets of wood, stones and axes, and burned each other with bundles of blazing straw, and drowned themselves or their opponents in the river. They died from suicide, from freezing, and in all manner of ways." It was here that Père Galtier erected his little oratory of logs, and St. Paul came into being. The priest was optimistic, however. "The name," he wrote to Bishop Loras of Dubuque, "applied to the town or city, seemed appropriate. The monosyllable is short, sounds well, and is understood by all denominations of Christians."

Settlers from the East were now beginning to arrive in larger numbers, due principally to the panic of 1837. The presence of the rude log chapel must have been reassuring, for respectable merchants began to erect shops and wealthy strangers were surveying the region's potentialities. In 1842 the first retail store was opened. By 1849 there were 1,300 people in St. Paul, mostly New England Yankees. Land values had jumped nearly five hundred per cent, and Minnesota had become a territory.

By 1854 one could come to St. Paul, comfortably the entire way, by train and boat. In 1851 there were 115 arrivals at the steamboat landing —eight years later this figure had considerably passed the thousand mark. In 1850 there were six thousand people in Minnesota—by 1860 there were over 170,000. "Dam Niagara! Bail out Lake Superior! Civilize the Indians! Attempt anything practical; but do not set bounds to the progress of St. Paul!" sang a newspaper editorial. The boom was on.

Towns were platted, divided into lots and made to look beautiful on paper. They had cost their owners only a few dollars an acre, but with the aid of publicity, Easterners were persuaded to pay as much as $200 a lot; when they arrived to take possession, they found nothing but wilderness, which did not, however, prevent them from playing the same game with equally profitable results. Profitable, that is, until the panic of 1857 called a halt.

But solid gains had meanwhile been made. In 1851 the see of St. Paul was established. The majority of the priests in the region up to that time had been French, for that was the constitution of the flock. Now, with lines of immigration from all parts of Europe converging on Minnesota, there were Catholics from Poland, Germany, Italy, Ireland and other nations. The bishop and all of his successors sought priests appropriate to the congregations. That they built thus wisely is one of the principal reasons for the strength of the archdiocese today.

The educational system of the archdiocese received its first real impetus in the 1850's. Brothers of the Holy Family opened a school for boys. Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet started schools for both elementary and higher education at St. Paul and St. Anthony. Other groups and orders were busy throughout the territory.

Progress

On the secular side, several new treaties with the Indians pushed those unfortunate natives ever farther west and opened vast new tracts to settlement. Nearly a hundred newspapers came into being throughout Minnesota. St. Paul began to light its homes and streets with gas and, in 1856, appointed its first policeman. Two years before, by an act of the territorial legislature, it received the proud designation of a city; it was, nevertheless, frontier through and through. Though such notables as the historian, George Bancroft, and ex-President Fillmore made speeches in the territorial capital in 1854, there had been terror and bloodshed only a few months earlier in the main business street when a party of Sioux was ambushed by a band of Chippewa.

But real progress was such that, despite the panic, Minnesota was admitted to the Union in 1858, with St. Paul as the capital. Immediately following the Civil War, the second great era of expansion got under way.

A violent uprising of the Sioux in 1862 resulted in the forcible elimination of that tribe from the state; the next year some ten million acres were purchased from the Chippewa. All of which, plus the effect of the Homestead Act and diligent propaganda on the part of land and other business interests, enormously stimulated immigration, both American and foreign. St. Paul's population doubled between 1850 and 1860.

The first railroad was opened in 1862. Grandiose plans had been drawn up, year by year, ever since 1850. Elaborate companies, twenty of them or more, had been formed, but something always interfered with their financing, and, one by one, they all went bankrupt before a single rail had been laid. They envisioned, perhaps, too many thousands of miles of track for a still undeveloped territory. The new line, proudly called the St. Paul and Pacific, went oceanwards from the capital city—and ended ten miles up the river in the now important milling town of St. Anthony. Its first locomotive, the "William Crooks," went to the New York World's Fair under its own power.

By 1865 there were 210 miles of railroad in the state; in that year a young man named James Jerome Hill was working in St. Paul as agent for a river packet company.

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Lumbering, which followed fur trading as Minnesota's dominant industry, had meanwhile brought both prosperity and population to the district around the falls of St. Anthony up the river. St. Paul's primary rôle was that of a center for the distribution of settlers and supplies to the whole northwestern country. But now the virgin stands of timber were becoming scarce, and it was seen that agriculture, especially wheat-raising, was destined to step into the foreground. Jim Hill had gone into business for himself, had made money, and had developed some new ideas about railroading in a wilderness.

Jim Hill

Settle the country as you lay the tracks, was his thought. In 1878, with several associates, he bought the St. Paul and Pacific and embarked on a course of empire-building which eventually became the Great Northern system. While the road was building, he settled the vast country between St. Paul and the Pacific coast with thousands of new immigrants, chiefly Scandinavian. Many of their descendants now live in Minneapolis, which is the second largest Swedish city in the world, Stockholm being the largest.

Hill did much for St. Paul. He built a bank which freed the region, in large measure, from Wall Street domination. He gave the city an outstanding reference library. He collaborated extensively with his close friend, Archbishop John Ireland, in building the solid superstructure of the Catholic archdiocese, now rapidly growing on the equally solid foundations laid by men like Pères Galtier and Ravoux and Bishops Joseph Cretin and Thomas Grace. Hill's munificence to the Church is manifest today in the imposing cathedral of St. Paul and the buildings of the archdiocesan seminary, as well as in numerous other gifts and endowments.

Rivalry between the growing cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul was intense. At some point between 1870 and 1880, their populations were equal. Ever since then their traditional designation as "The Twin Cities" has largely been a term of convenience. The 1890 population count was a bitter affair for them, however, though it amused the nation as a whole. Each city, in its eagerness to outstrip the other, padded its figures. Persons long dead were counted, so were imaginary children and boarders, not to mention a number of dogs, cats and canaries. St. Paul reported nearly three hundred people living at the Union Station. In the recount it was found that St. Paul had some 9,000 too many and Minneapolis twice that number.

The rivalry never again reached such a height.

But each city still maintains its individuality, Minneapolis priding itself on its fine park system, its handsome Basilica of St. Mary, and its metropolitan character, St. Paul on its position as the center of the archdiocese, its Bostonian exclusiveness, and its almost rigid conservatism.

From a national standpoint, however, neither city finds a great deal to be happy about. The dream of empire that was Hill's and the Twin Cities' collapsed when the Panama Canal was opened in 1914 and it became cheaper for eastern manufacturers to supply goods to the Pacific Northwest via the ocean rather than by rail through the Twin City wholesale markets.

Much of their recent history is far from creditable, stemming as it does from pioneer practices. In the making of treaties, the Indians were tricked habitually and at every turn. It was also customary for capitalists to seek and obtain several governmental grants and privileges and to engage in deals which are now regarded as highly questionable, if not actually illegal. It was natural, therefore, for corruptible councils and legislatures to practice a few tricks of their own.

Muckraking

Shortly after 1900, Lincoln Steffens visited the Twin Cities. In St. Paul he paused to meet Weyerhaeuser, the era's richest lumber magnate, and to remark upon the methods whereby Weyerhaeuser had come to control what he, Steffens, believed to be the American people's best forest resources. Proceeding to Minneapolis, he described what he termed one of "the worst-governed cities" in the United States.

St. Paul, however, in the first two decades of the present century, pointed to a city well-managed by normal American standards, and boasted a crime record that was enviably clean. Nevertheless, had a curious visitor been able to break through the attractive shell of outward appearances, he would have found practically the whole Midwestern underworld residing in St. Paul, as well as most of the country's leading criminal big-wigs, plus a vast entourage of "fences," crime lawyers and lesser crooks.

Corruption in the St. Paul police department was deep-seated. The chief was John O'Connor. The merchants of the city, now that the era of expansion was drawing to a close and competition, particularly with Minneapolis, had become keener, favored an "open town" policy. An open town, they argued, was a good business town. But the attendant perils must be eliminated. This was accomplished by means of the "O'Connor System."

In his unofficial records, the chief currently listed the names of criminals (wanted for every imaginable crime in other American cities) who had come to St. Paul, with or without their loot. More than that, he welcomed them and assured them of immunity; on their part, they must live like respectable citizens and obey the local laws. O'Connor had both the authority and the personality to enforce this system, with the result that

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St. Paul was the nation's most crime-free city and, at the same time, the nation's "fencing" capital. Federal authorities developed the habit of looking for "hot money" or stolen goods in St. Paul after robberies of any consequence in any part of the country. They frequently found what they wanted.

Business, of course, was excellent. Unfortunately, the entire structure depended on the chief; when O'Connor retired in 1920, his successors tried to follow in the master's footsteps. They failed, and the system collapsed.

The city became the prey of thieves and gangsters, and gradually an astonished populace awoke to the fact that the police either would not or could not cope with the situation. The climax came about ten years ago. There were, apart from assorted robberies and assaults on the citizenry, a series of brutal gang murders and three major kidnapings. Outfits like the Sawyer-Pifer, Dillinger and Barker-Karpis gangs committed outrages; "Baby Face" Nelson practiced machine gunnery against telephone poles as he cruised through the suburbs in his automobile. The city was thoroughly aroused; in Washington the Attorney General called St. Paul "the nation's poison spot of crime."

The situation was faced squarely. A crusading newspaper editor, the Commissioner of Public Safety and a committee of leading citizens cooperated to bring in an expert police criminologist and several operatives from the FBI. Tapping the telephone lines entering and leaving police headquarters, they made recordings of a thousand conversation, 90 per cent of them incriminating. The result was an upheaval that shook the city. There were wholesale demotions and several dismissals, including that of the chief of police. To correct the situation, his job was permanently taken out of politics and made subject to civil service requirements. The criminal element was obliged to seek new hideaways elsewhere.

Today St. Paul's crime record, without benefit of an "O'Connor System," compares most favorably with that of the nation. In 1939, in large American cities, there were 7.3 murders per 100,000 of population; St. Paul had 2.6. Nationally there were 77.6 robberies; St. Paul had 53.3. There were 218.2 auto thefts; St. Paul had 111.2. And so on down the line.

The great days of St. Paul's expansion have long since closed. Ended too are the years of disappointment over that fact. In 1930 St. Paul and its suburbs had some 290,000 people. Today this population stands at about 310,000. The city values itself at about $400,000,000. It has 242 churches, thirty-three of which are Catholic. In its educational system there are 167 schools, twenty-five of them Catholic, and twelve institutions of higher learning, including the colleges of St. Catherine and St. Thomas. Of its twenty-six hospitals and clinics, the oldest and one of the most important is that which was founded in 1853 and developed to greatness by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet.

Mark Twain came up the Mississippi in the great old days, looked at St. Paul, and remarked that it had the appearance of a city that planned to stay. That is the impression you get today.

The U. S. and Hispanidad

A Latin American view on an important movement.

By **Alfonso Junco**

IN THE March twenty-first issue of THE COMMONWEAL there appeared an article by the Reverend Edwin A. Ryan dealing with the question of *hispanismo* or *hispanidad* in Latin America, containing a number of important and just observations. The general orientation of the views expressed, however, seems to me to have lacked accuracy and to betray a certain distrust.

As a Mexican Catholic, I am convinced that our mutual acquaintanceship, now in the process of development, is unmistakably necessary for the growth of good understanding and of honorable inter-American friendship. There can be no doubt that persons of good will in the United States are capable, in a generous spirit of liberty and tolerance, of comprehending and appreciating our point of view, if expressed honestly and with constructive purpose.

To allay any fears, let me say that absolutely no one, either in Mexico or South America, has any desire for Spain to resume political domination in America. Certainly no one in Spain thinks of anything so fantastic. The present head of the Spanish state and many other leaders in the world of politics and letters have made themselves perfectly clear and honestly emphatic on this point. It is difficult to understand how anyone with even a passing knowledge of the facts could propagate

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such a complete fiction. What we call hispanidad is not something linked with any particular régime of Spain or of America. It is a more transcendental and permanent reality. It embraces, on the one hand, the Hispanic spirit—its religion, language, culture and vital expression. On the other hand, it may be considered to embrace the large family of nations formed by this spirit.

Addressing himself to the public of the United States, Father Ryan says: "What is making Catholics in this country uneasy is that there seems to be an attempt to inject into hispanismo a religious element."

This seems to me to contain a fundamental error. There is no need to inject the religious element into hispanismo. Hispanismo is already in itself substantially religious. It is spinally Catholic. Without this element, there is no such thing as the Hispanic spirit or hispanismo, by the very nature of its definition. Some individuals may wish to dispute this; but objectively, in consideration of historic causality and psychology, such is the fact.

This does not signify, as Father Ryan seems to say, that the Church is identified with any political system. The Church, as such, has nothing to do with political systems. Moreover, hispanidad, as such, is not properly a "political cause," but is something more elevated and more profound, transcending the merely political, circumstantial, shifting and contingent.

We very much desire that thoughtful and sincere men in the United State should study our situation and understand certain facts, not presented as a show of resentment, but simply for purposes of clarification. Intelligent Americans convinced of our integrity can do much in their country in democratic ways to promote a genuinely comprehending, truly sympathetic and friendly attitude toward us on the part of their government. The United States has nothing to lose in a material way from such a policy, and much to gain morally.

Let us consider a few pertinent high-lights of the past. It is a fact that what is called *independence* in the textbooks of Hispanic-American history marked our political separation from Spain. But independence marked also a disintegration and break-up of what was once a compact and powerful whole into a number of weak entities. This division and debilitation, I am convinced, was originally encouraged and later made use of by the government of the United States to spread its influence and establish its dominance over the Hispanic-American states.

This influence and primacy has continued to increase with time throughout practically the entire Western Hemisphere, with evidences of considerable mischief. We Mexicans, for example, suffered the loss of Texas. Then followed the unjust war of 1847 involving the seizure of half our national territory. We may recall also the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914 and the punitive expedition of 1916. Our internal politics must, willy-nilly, still bow before the powerful indications of Washington, which has frequently sustained the imposition of tyrannical and bloody régimes, like that of Calles not so long ago.

The incident of Panama in 1903, at Colombia's expense, and events in Nicaragua, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo and in other countries present indisputable historic evidence that the Hispanic-American nations have suffered attrition of autonomy or of their territory, thanks to the international policy pursued by Uncle Sam in quest of his own aggrandizement.

With these undeniable antecedents, is it not logical and natural that Hispanic-Americans should view with patriotic alarm the expansion of North American influence in their countries, when relative weakness leaves them without effective defense against the possible excesses of their powerful neighbor?

Undoubtedly we also are at fault, and grievously so. We have always had our myopic elements, our pliable and selfish groups, who have welcomed what they should have repelled. But this complicity of the weak would never exist without the blandishments and the threats of the strong. What is true in the political and material order is true also in the spiritual.

The preponderance of the United States in its spiritual expansion southward has been characterized by certain manifestations unpleasant to us. Let me name three:

(1) Protestant propaganda, sowing disunion, offensive more often than apostolic in method, as is evident in its periodicals, operating at times with the connivance of administrations persecuting the national faith, and always exotic to a people of Catholic unanimity, among whom the dissenters are unbelievers but not members of another religion.

(2) The spread of corrupt manners and customs—divorce, women's bars, jazz and the like—which are in opposition to our culture and traditions but unfortunately are making serious inroads.

(3) A certain tendency to glorify the Indian and to despise the Hispanic factor, promoting a kind of antagonism between these elements (which *hispanidad* welded together in generous blending) and secretly undermining the most profound, enduring and notable features of our culture.

To defend, advance and activate our great spiritual patrimony is precisely the objective of hispanidad. Hispanidad, simply *mexicanidad,* or the spirit of Mexico, *peruanidad, argentinidad,* and so on, glorified in the widest possible sense and joined in fecund embrace with its brethren in spirit and race. Hispanidad is, in a word, a natural tendency, a family atmosphere, a logic and a

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spontaneous vital attitude, which offers offense to no one. Hispanidad is not an enemy of the United States. It seeks a sincere friendship with the United States, a worthy, respectful and mutually fruitful friendship. What it does not wish—even though this appear in flattering guise—is deformation and subordination. Surely there can be nothing offensive to intelligent and sympathetic Americans in this attitude.

What we are asking for is an understanding of our position. It is our hope that our brothers in the United States may understand and make better known these truths and extend their influence democratically in the growth of a truly international policy of peace on the part of their country, as well as of considerate and friendly relations toward the countries south of the border.

It is not our intention to keep throwing up a bitter past as a constant threat to the good relations of the future. We are perfectly willing to forget the past, so far as its bitterness is concerned; but we cannot forget the lesson it has taught. If history is the teacher of life, we must take the wisdom and counsel of what has gone before to manage properly what is in the present and lay a ground work for what is yet to come.

Signor Gatti-Casazza's Metropolitan

More about opera's glamorous days.

***By* Grenville Vernon**

WITH THE PASSING of the Manhattan from the New York opera scene in 1910, the Metropolitan was left alone in the field. That it didn't sink into self-satisfied mediocrity when freed of the stimulus of Oscar Hammerstein's competition was due to the two men at the head of the older house; its chief conductor, Arturo Toscanini, and its General Manager, Giulio Gatti-Casazza. Signor Gatti-Casazza was in his way as unique a character as Hammerstein himself. Tall, black-bearded, inscrutable in expression, with bowed shoulders and hands clasped behind his back, he would pace slowly the corridors of the Metropolitan from his private office to his private box. It was the longest walk he was ever known to take. He always went from his apartment house to the opera in a taxi, and never went anywhere else at all.

He was a sort of a benevolent Machiavelli. He knew human nature as few know it, especially feminine human nature as expressed in prima donnas. Whenever a singer started to ask him for something he didn't want to grant, he would appear to burst forth in a towering rage, spouting forth in Italian words which tumbled over each other like molten masses of lava from Vesuvius, a torrent which left the singer limp, terrified and speechless. Then he would suddenly stop, turn and vanish into his office or out of it. Ten minutes later he would meet the singer, and with a sly twinkle in his eye, pinch her cheek. It was to show that it had all been a game, but that just the same the singer had better not ask the favor a second time. There was one singer, however, of whom even he was afraid. She was Olive Fremstad, perhaps the greatest Wagnerian actress the Metropolitan ever knew.

Mme. Fremstad looked like a Norse goddess, and she had the temperament of one. One night when she was singing Isolde, the Tristan, Jacques Urlus, lost his voice in the midst of the great love duet, and Mme. Fremstad had to finish the scene with an inaudible tenor. She did it magnificently, without the slightest sign to the audience that it wasn't all in the score. I was in the press-agent's room after the curtain fell, when Mr. Gatti entered. He asked me if I knew Mme. Fremstad. I replied that I did.

"Then will you do me a favor?" he asked. "She is so worked up at what has happened that she is still on the stage, and refuses to go to her dressing-room. If you will tell her how wonderful she was, perhaps she will go and allow the opera to continue."

Without realizing what I was in for, I replied that I would. Mr. Gatti accompanied me on to the stage, but as we reached the wings he dropped behind. In the centre of the stage was Fremstad, as magnificent in her anger as she had just been in her scene of love. She was walking in a circle, her white robes fluttering out behind her; the husky stagehands standing by, watching her fascinated, not daring to set the scene for the final act. I knew now, too late, why Mr. Gatti had remained behind. But I had given my promise and must see it through. I went up to the circling Princess and I said:

"Mme. Fremstad, you were magnificent!"

She stopped her circling as if she had been shot, whirled upon me, and, fixing me with a

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basilisk glance, cried: "What in the name of God do you know about it!"

For a moment I thought this wouldn't be all, that her anger wouldn't stop with mere words. I was in for it now. My words in my excitement began tripping over one another, but at least I poured them out. I told her the whole house was agog with her feat, that no other singer in the world could have accomplished it, that it was the greatest triumph of her career. Gradually I saw the ghost of a twinkle gather in her eyes. I became hyperbolic in my flights. The ghost became a reality—and then suddenly with a burst of delighted laughter she threw her hands high above her head, and turning, ran for her dressing-room. As she disappeared my legs seemed suddenly to buckle, and it was only with a supreme effort that I was able to stand upright. I turned, and as I did so I saw Gatti's beard appear around a piece of scenery, first his beard and then his face. I saw a smile grow slowly across that face. Then making sure that Fremstad was really gone, he came out to me and put his arm about my shoulder.

"Caro Vernon," he said. "You see, I knew her!"

Mme. Fremstad went on in the last act, and over the still voiceless Urlus sang the Liebestod superbly. I had saved the opera!

An audience of one

But there was another time when Fremstad sang the Liebestod even more wonderfully—to an audience of one. I was passing through the foyer one afternoon, and I heard the music of "Tristan" coming from the orchestra. I went inside. It was a rehearsal. Toscanini was conducting the orchestra, and on the stage Fremstad in street dress was about to sing the finale. Except for Fremstad herself, the prostrate Tristan—I think he was Burrian—the conductor and the musicians, the theatre was empty. I tiptoed to an orchestra seat and sat down. Mme. Fremstad began the Liebestod. Never have I heard any other singer, not even Flagstad, sing that scene as Fremstad sang it to a Tristan in street dress, to Toscanini, the musicians and myself. When the great wave of music which ends the opera finally subsided, no one moved. Neither Fremstad nor Burrian got up; Toscanini stood like a statue, his baton suspended in the air, the musicians beneath him silent. Then it must have been a full twenty seconds before it came, a sigh as of an utterly fulfilled desire rose from the orchestra pit. The spell was broken. The two singers, Toscanini, the musicians, stole out. I followed. I was told afterward that Toscanini said it had been one of the most perfect moments of his career. Sometimes I've wondered if "Tristan" shouldn't always be given to an audience of one. Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria thought so, and used to listen to it alone in his private theatre. Perhaps he wasn't so mad after all.

The years from 1910 to 1920 were the most prosperous in the long history of the Metropolitan. The great Caruso was at his best; no such tenor voice had been heard within the memory of man. He had worthy companions in Farrar, Fremstad, Amato, Scotti, Matzenauer, Homer, Jeritza and Hempel, while for the first five years Arturo Toscanini, then as now the greatest living conductor, presided over the orchestra. They were years when the doings behind the scenes were to us as interesting as the performances themselves. As at the Manhattan, we had the run of the stage, and while the opera was on there were usually three or four of us wandering about, talking to members of the chorus or the ballet, or watching the singers from the wings. Whatever the management may have thought, I never heard of a singer objecting to our being on the stage; I think they felt it kept them on their toes.

In Charpentier's "Julien," the sequel to "Louise," produced in the spring of 1913, the last act is laid before a Montmartre café during a street fair. Caruso took the part of the poet Julien, and Geraldine Farrar that of Louise, now become a girl of the streets. I had gone to the opera dressed in tails and a silk hat, and I carried a cane. During the third intermission Dinh Gilly, the French baritone, bet me a dollar that I wouldn't dare to walk on to the stage. I took him up, and just after the curtain rose I walked out and joined the merry-makers, all of whom except myself were members of the chorus. Miss Farrar, supposed to be slightly inebriated, was running about playing tricks on members of the crowd. Suddenly she saw me emerge from a group. She gave me a startled look, then a gleam of mischief leaped into her eyes. With a delighted laugh she grasped me by the shoulders and propelled me out of the crowd and right down to the footlights, I was alone directly in front of the conductor, Albert Wolf. Wolf, who was one of my best friends, missed a beat with his baton when he saw this unexpected addition to the cast. Stage-struck, or rather stage drunk, I became that instant—for the first and last time in my life. I walked across the stage to where Caruso was standing in front of the café, singing to the accompaniment of the chorus. There was an empty chair beside him, and on this I climbed, putting one hand on the great tenor's shoulder, with the other hand waving my cane wildly in the air. Caruso looked up, saw me, gulped and winked at me. I didn't sing during the solo parts, but I joined in manfully with the chorus, though I hadn't the remotest idea of either words or music. Fortunately my voice was drowned in the great volume of sound, and a mighty good thing it was for the opera! When the song was ended I descended

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from my chair, and wandered off stage with the rest of the chorus. Gilly paid me my dollar.

The next day I met Mme. Frances Alda, then Signor Gatti's wife.

"What were you doing on the stage last night?" she asked.

I told her about the bet and she laughed and said: "You were the most conspicuous member of the cast, but you were quite in the picture—just a drunk who had wandered in from the Boulevards!"

Nothing like this could happen at the Metropolitan today. Today the opera is too professional, but perhaps also it isn't as much fun.

We are excluded

But the day came when we newspaper men were at last excluded from the stage. It was the result of an unfortunate occurence during a performance of Mozart's "Magic Flute." The man who caused the trouble was Max Halperson, the music critic of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*. Halperson, who has long since been gathered to his fathers, was a man of uncertain years, who, to make them more uncertain, dyed his hair black, and over a bald spot wore a toupee. He was probably in his sixties, but he still fancied himself as popular with the ladies of the chorus. In the "Magic Flute" there are many quick changes of scene. Apparently Halperson hadn't realized this, for suddenly as the scene changed into the temple of Sarastro, the astonished audience was regaled by the sight of an elderly gentleman in street dress, holding a bundle of newspapers under his arm, and in gallant conversation in the very centre of the stage with a plump but pleasing member of the chorus. Halperson was unaware of what had happened until a gale of laughter swept to him across the footlights. He glanced up, gasped and fled into the wings as quickly as his rheumatic legs would carry him. The next day a notice was posted on the board at the stage-entrance to the effect that henceforth only members of the company were to be allowed on the stage during performances.

Though we were no longer to take active part in the productions, life at the Metropolitan still had its color for us. There was for instance the annual show of the Ten Nights' Club. The name of the Club was taken from the ten performances given each season in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music, after each of which the male singers and the members of the press used to meet in a saloon across the street. The show was given each year near the close of the season and satirized events which had occurred during the year at the Metropolitan. The book of the show was always written by Frank Warren of the *Evening World*, and the music by Harry Osgood of the *Musical Courier*. The show was usually held on the roof-stage, and was participated in by singers, conductors and newspapermen. As the proceedings were pretty frank no ladies were ever allowed in the audience. It would be impossible to relate much of what went on at these occasions, but I remember one very moving moment.

There was in the audience that night an old opera singer, a man who was probably the greatest actor the lyric stage has ever known. He was Victor Maurel, the friend of Verdi, of whom the great Italian composer once said: "All other singers I have ever known were chorusmen beside Maurel." Verdi had written for him the parts of Iago in "Otello" and Falstaff in "Falstaff," and Leoncavallo had composed "Pagliacci" especially for him. Maurel had at first refused to appear in the latter opera, as he was a baritone and he thought the tenor part of Canio the chief rôle. Leoncavallo asked him in despair what he could do to make him change his mind, and Maurel answered "if you will write me a prologue to sing I'll appear." The composer went home, and overnight composed the famous Prologue. Maurel, now well into his seventies, prided himself on never taking any liberties with a composer's music, singing it exactly as it was written, and not, as so many singers do, twisting its rhythms for personal effect. Maurel was this night seated in the front row between Mr. Gatti and Mr. Otto Kahn, the chairman of the Metropolitan's board of directors. Suddenly the lights were lowered, and a ghostly figure made up as Verdi appeared on a balcony over the stage and sang straight to Maurel a song to the tune of "Schooldays." It was a tribute from the dead composer to his greatest interpreter, and the last verse went:

> You were my favorite baritone,
> You could drown out the slide-trombone,
> And all of my songs were all my own
> When we were the opera boys.

I glanced at the old singer as he listened, and saw him wipe his eyes. But there were tears in other eyes than his.

Maurel, though long past his singing days, was often in the audience at the Metropolitan, where years before he had thrilled huge crowds in "Don Giovanni," "Rigoletto," "Otello" and "Falstaff." He had never sung "Pagliacci" in America, but a few months before his death he went to hear his friend and admirer, Tita Ruffo, sing Tonio in that opera. I happened to be standing behind the orchestra rail while Ruffo sang the Prologue. He didn't sing it very well, and I was slightly annoyed by a man standing beside me who at the conclusion applauded enthusiastically. I looked up and saw to my astonishment that it was Maurel. I said to him:

"But, Monsieur Maurel, you surely didn't sing the Prologue like that?"

His answer was: "Perhaps not exactly like that

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—but there are many ways to sing." And he resumed his clapping. I am sure, however, he was applauding his friend, and not his friend's singing.

I always think of "Gerry" Farrar's farewell as the end of the romantic days of the Metropolitan. It took place on the afternoon of April 22, 1922. The opera was "Zaza," and the famous "Gerry-flappers," that brigade of young girls who worshipped their "Gerry" and always attended when she sang, were out nearly five hundred strong. Each one carried a white pennant inscribed "Farrar," and at the conclusion of the opera they dropped a huge banner reading "Hurrah Farrar! Farrar Hurrah!" from the top balcony, suspending it over the heads of the audience. The Gerry-flappers then massed themselves about the stage-entrance, and Miss Farrar herself, dressed as she had been in the performance, red wig and all, was pulled from her dressing-room and hoisted into her automobile, which, surrounded by an hysterically cheering crowd of young women, made its way slowly through Fortieth Street into Broadway. Up Broadway it went, Miss Farrar sitting on the rolled back hood of the car, blowing kisses to the crowd, while confetti showered her and cheers engulfed her, a magnificent finale to a magnificent career, and the end of an age in operatic history.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN THE curious hodge-podge of items selected by the New York newspapers last Monday, as on every Monday, from the sermons, religious addresses and religious events of the preceding Sunday, there was one item, prominently displayed, which struck a very familiar note, but one which it is very difficult to tell whether it should be regarded hopefully or not. It was a report of a sermon by that very prominent liberal Protestant clergyman, the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, in his "non-denominational community Church in Town Hall, New York," in which "he praised the peace efforts of Pope Pius XII, as being plain, direct and comprehensive," and as statesmanship "of a noble order, which puts to shame the war-mongering of fuehrers, duces, premiers and presidents." And then Dr. Holmes condensed the Pope's five-point peace plan as follow: "Equal rights to life and liberty; disarmament; juridical settlement of international disputes; revision of treaties; and the weighing of all human statutes by 'divine law.'" The program, he went on to say, was impressive "because the Roman Catholic Church is universal and has no national, imperial, or racial limitations; because no military force is behind the program, and because the Church speaks for peace in the name of God and in obedience to God. When we can look to Washington," this enthusiastic pacifist concluded—at least so the newspaper account of his address concluded the quotation—"and say, in the words of Saint Peter, that we must obey God and not men, then this nation will not go to war."

My doubt as to whether the habit of picking out some particular point or other from some utterance of the Pope for commendation and support by influential leaders of non-Catholic religious forces should be regarded hopefully, as a sign of increasing cooperation and a step toward spiritual and moral unity, is a very strong doubt indeed. However, it is a habit not confined to non-Catholics. It is prevalent among Catholics. I remember how much I was struck by that fact many years ago, in Rome, after an interview with Premier Mussolini, in which, with dramatic if not convincing emphasis, he proclaimed, apropos of some Papal utterance, that he too was a Catholic. When I told the anecdote to various people in Rome, it was curious how different was the interpretation put upon the remark by those who already had very various views of Mussolini's relations to the Church. Enthusiastic but rather naïve reactionaries, who at that time were full of admiration at the Duce's success in dealing with the "communists," solemnly asserted: "Ah, yes! He is a providential rescuer of religion; probably, even if secretly, a very holy man, perhaps a saint." Some of them told me they had heard "on the highest authority" that he was a daily communicant. But others, among them really well informed ecclesiastics, shook their heads, saying: "All humbug. He is trying to use the Church for his own revolutionary purposes—wait and see."

Of course, a pacifist is bound to use the Pope's insistence upon his peace plan to support the pacifist position, for to the pacifist that seems the highest use possible of the Pope's teachings. But millions of Catholics, in Poland, Austria, Germany for example, simply find in the Pope's five points conditions which are literally impossible of even partial realization unless or until the triumphant march of the totalitarian victories is broken utterly. But that the Pope's high duty is fulfilled by steadily, and in spite of all difficulties, upholding the ideals of a just peace no Catholic anywhere is inclined to deny, and it still remains a good thing that the moral authority of the Holy Father should be recognized by the religious leaders not of his fold, even if they pick and choose rather captiously among the principles taught by the Vicar of Christ. For even if the papal peace program cannot now be put into action, a time must come when it may have its chance, and cooperation among Catholics and non-Catholics, provided the latter have retained at least some of the foundations of the Faith, is pre-requisite to the establishment of true peace. Let us hope that the report from Rome that the Pope will make a broadcast on June 1 is true.

Communications

ITALIAN RELIEF

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: We appreciate the Christian spirit of your sympathy for the Italian people who were supposed to benefit from the fund-raising campaign of the Italian World War Veterans, recently stopped by the State Department. We Italian anti-fascists too sympa-

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thize both with the Italian people and with the well-meaning Italian-American "little people" who were contributing to the "Opere Assistenziali" or Italian Relief.

However, as we have demonstrated with ample proofs in recent numbers of our magazine, the real purpose of this campaign was closely tied up with the economic side of the total war now being waged by the Axis. The campaign was not a spontaneous initiative of the Italian War Veterans in this country: this organization is closely linked to the Italian Consulate which is trying desperately to acquire American dollars to cover propaganda and sabotage expenses. To the fascist Italian government it was far more important to acquire these dollars than it was to distribute to the needy in Italy a more or less equivalent amount of liras.

If, as the passage of the Lease-Lend Bill would seem to signify, we are going to give all-out aid to Britain, then the tolerance of fascist Italian or nazi German financial maneuvers is illogical, to put it mildly. We Italian anti-fascists take the same position on this matter as do the opponents of violation of the British blockade for the sake of sending food to nazi-dominated France. Such decisions are painful to make but, we think, essential to ultimate victory.

GIUSEPPE LUPIS, *Editor,*
Il Mondo.

NEGRO SEMINARY

Greenville, Miss.

TO the Editors: My attention has just been called to an article in your issue of April 11th by Harry Sylvester about which I feel obliged to protest. In it the statement is made that during the Ku Klux Klan's brief flurry in Greenville, hooded Klansmen at night visited the seminary, then located here for the training of colored boys for the priesthood. The article further states that as the result of threats of violence then made the superiors of Father Christman, head of the seminary, asked him to remove the seminary from Greenville.

No such incident occurred. I am making this denial on behalf of myself and many other Greenville citizens, all Protestants, who in 1922 and 1923 comprised an organization designated as "The Protestant Committee of Fifty Opposed to the Ku Klux Klan." I was secretary of the organization and in charge of its publicity. I remember well the incident which doubtless forms the slight factual basis for Mr. Sylvester's story.

The Klan members had circulated the usual reports of dark and devious doings at the seminary. The Protestant Committee of Fifty named a sub-committee of three comprised of Rev. Philip Davidson, Episcopal rector and dean of our Protestant ministers, Ex-Mayor Eugene Ham, a prominent Mason, and Mayor Allen Hunt, active Presbyterian layman, to make an inspection of the seminary and publish a report of its findings. This committee, after thorough investigation, made a report which was published in our local paper, commending very highly the work of the seminary, going into considerable detail and branding as false the rumors being circulated. This report effectually squelched these rumors which in truth had before had more circulation outside of Greenville than here. The only press report in this territory of the visitation of this committee was in the Greenville *Democrat-Times*. Klan papers published in other states, which at that time circulated generally in this county, continued their effort to create prejudice against the institution, but small attention was paid them in this community where almost everybody already knew about the seminary and thoroughly approved its work.

We boast of the tolerant character of Greenville's citizenship. All races and creeds work together harmoniously. As the executive officer of the citizens' committee which put to rest the only effort ever made here to array one religion against another, I ask you to publish this letter in order that Greenville may not in recorded history be named as a town where such an incident as that related by Mr. Sylvester would be permitted to occur.

S. V. ANDERSON.

OUR DUTY TO GREAT BRITAIN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In the present debate over our helping Great Britain, the extreme views get much more expression than the middle views. Naturally, those holding extreme views have a greater impulse to express them, but I feel there is a danger in that. The average American probably wanted to take a middle view but may come to think there is no rational middle view.

On the one hand are those who say we should not help Britain. They are all accused of being secretly in sympathy with the nazis. On the other hand are those who say we should give full backing to Britain's efforts. (They are never accused of having a private interest in British fortunes.)

Their view is taken by Mr. T. S. Harding in his article in the May 23rd issue, with his "We are the junior partner in this struggle," and, "We do not know Britain's commitments. But it is we who told Britain she was fighting our war and it is much too late to quibble over details now."

Mr. Harding's article was good in that it discussed hard facts usually glossed over by those taking Britain's part. But one of his basic assumptions, which also seems to be an assumption of some of the leaders of our government, is that Britain is fighting a holy war since her enemy is unholy. I don't consider our help to Britain in that light at all.

It often happens that two sailors go into a tavern and one becomes stimulated to the point of picking a fight with a couple of other patrons who, being aroused to an unholy passion, proceed to give him the works. Now his friend has to fight too. He will fight to bring the first sailor to a place of safety but he is certainly under no obligation to help the first sailor gain the complete victory which, in his muddled way, he thinks he deserves.

This country is in a similarly unpleasant situation, where she should fight on Britain's side. But we do not have to work for the particular victory which British leaders think most desirable. We are not the junior partner. We have every right to ask questions, and to give answers.

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Many partisans of Britain are shocked at such distrust. There is a very sincere ring in their voices when they say that Britain has learned her lesson, that British financiers, industrialists and politicians (who have been at least as venal as American ones) are now entirely shocked out of any selfishness, and that no revenge or desire to recoup losses would motivate their administration of a reconquered Europe. I don't believe it.

I am far from denying that, in principle, the German government is far worse than the British. But an attempt to annihilate the German government would not only mean an immense direct cost but would risk bringing worse conditions in Europe than now exist. It would be less fantastic to consider using adequate force to persuade Germany to set up the United States of Europe which we used to talk about. Controlling 14 governments or so, she is in a position to do so easily and even the English admit the Germans are good organizers. Of course, that would not suit the powers that be in Britain, though it would probably leave the common people of England no worse off. . . .

I would remind those who are shocked at the thought of a peace or even an armistice with nazism that Chesterton, who saw nazism for what it is while many of his countrymen were still encouraging it, said that it could be conquered only by spiritual conversion. And if democracy is superior to totalitarianism, why can't that superiority be shown in peace as well as in war? There's more than one way to skin a cat.

JOHN SCANLON.

Flushing, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It was shocking to read, in a magazine which only last week asserted editorially that its editors were against war, the most brazen piece of propaganda I have read yet. . . . The logic of T. Swann Harding is full of fallacy. His facts are inexact. His interests are definitely British. I pray God he may be spared seeing this precious country suffering chaos as a result of surrendering to the policy he advocates. . . . For the first time I am utterly disillusioned regarding COMMONWEAL.

MARIE DUFF.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Why labor the point with obvious indirection? Why does the author of "Our Duty to Great Britain" not frankly and forthrightly admit that he is anti-British and isolationist, wherein seemingly he appropriates the technique of Marc Antony in his oration at the funeral of Julius Caesar?

With not a word of his text do I agree, yet I would stoutly defend his right to prepare it, despite palpable inaccuracies in much of his alleged statistical data and the eye myopic in his studied failure to recognize how vital for our country's safety is it to strengthen and sustain our first line of defense, the which is England.

There are in our nation various groups of relatively formidable proportions, and enjoying no inconsiderable influence, commonly known as "isolationists," having no affirmative objective, but who negatively would cause the United States to remain serenely aloof from the European conflict now raging, and to retire within the imaginary citadel of self-sufficiency.

Such a procedure at the instant time is dangerously myopic and woefully unrealistic. A century ago there might have existed some warrant for this confident assurance, when transatlantic passage between the Eastern and the Western continents was, at its swiftest, twenty-six days for every possible form of intercommunication, whereas today Europe may be reached in eighteen hours by plane, and practically instantaneously by wireless. Obviously we are not an isolated ethnic unit, but rather a close member of a community of nations.

Historically, as far back as 1789, the French Revolution was warmly supported by our forefathers, and notably by Thomas Jefferson, when it was declared that "the Constitution of '87 was the key that opened the gates of the Bastille." Again, as early as 1803, during the war between France and England, this country was urged by people and press to throw the weight of its support and influence to England, upon the ground that the latter was fighting our battles and the battles of mankind against France warring under Napoleon for world domination.

To identical ends is the Hitler dictatorship violently addressed. The Fuehrer's avowed purpose is to crush and forever destroy democratic institutions. Their utter annihilation is to be accomplished by external intrigue and force of arms. Against England the attack is raging, and whatever the early ambitions of the Georges, England, for a century or more, has been, and still is, the outstanding democratic state of Europe. Should England be defeated, our nation will have thereby lost its first line of defense, and democracy's collapse abroad may well discover its analogue at home. . . .

In the truth of this postulate I concur: "The world no longer can survive half slave and half free. One or the other has to win out. The democratic rule is, live and let live, but the totalitarians will not suffer them to live. The outcome of the present war must be either a confederation of all states for peace and collective security, or a monolithic, imperialistic state which will impose its will on all others."

Epitomized: It is well to keep America out of the war, but far better to keep the war out of America.

JOHN VERNOU BOUVIER.

The Stage & Screen

Mr. Brown and Professor Eaton

MR. JOHN MASON BROWN, the scholarly and witty drama critic of the New York *Evening Post,* recently took exception to an article in *Harper's Magazine* by Professor Walter Prichard Eaton entitled "The Plight of the American Dramatist" in which Professor Eaton argued that because of the chaos of standards and ethical beliefs now prevalent it is today difficult for the dramatist to find suitable themes. Professor Eaton's basic thesis is

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that for a vital drama there must be generally accepted standards of conduct and belief. The dramatist may either defend or attack these standards or beliefs, but they must be generally enough accepted to make the battle a real one. In the collapse of religion, in the infiltration of ethical and moral solvents, the American public has of recent years undergone a progressive change. Aside from Catholics and from some remnants of the Protestant churches the people no longer hold to the beliefs of their fathers, when good and evil were definite and vital things, and not terms to be juggled with in every wind of passing fancy. I do not think Mr. Brown denies this condition, but apparently he doesn't consider it a serious one for the dramatist. If I remember what he wrote, he assented to Mr. Eaton's thesis only in regard to high comedy, and he brought up the problems of war and social change to show new fields for the dramatist's effort.

Now the departure of high comedy alone is surely a loss to the richness of the drama, and in itself justifies much of Professor Eaton's contention; yet Mr. Brown charges the Professor with the hardening of his esthetic arteries. I for one see no justice in this charge, nor in the additional one that this is the reason why the Yale School of the Drama is producing no playwrights of distinction. Neither the Yale School, nor any other, is at present producing these geniuses. And I fear that one of the reasons is just the one that Professor Eaton gives—we are as a people at sea morally, religiously, even esthetically. According to Mr. Brown himself high comedy is in a parlous state; let us take, then, the serious drama. It is true that the war and social problems have added to the field of the dramatist, but when so many of the basic moral and ethical concepts underlying these problems no longer have general acceptance, these subjects haven't the richness of meaning they once would have had. The only places where there is general agreement are those dealing with purely physical welfare. Comfort and discomfort, health and disease, differences in the standard of living are all worthy of being discussed, but divorced from spiritual concepts they are apt in art to become pretty sterile. Certainly under this divorce poetry and even imagination take wing away from them. Of course one reason for the barrenness of the contemporary drama lies in the physical chaos of the war. People haven't time to write or think. But our moral chaos antedated the war and probably caused it. It is this which is the real enemy of an art which is dependent on common public standards of conduct and belief. This is what professor Eaton has so powerfully and truly set forth. His is one of the ablest analyses of the current low state of the drama which has appeared in recent years.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Death in the Afternoon

"*BLOOD AND SAND*" presents a conventional travel-poster picture of Spain with the usual castanets, dancers, brilliant costumes and tempestuous, hot-blooded Spaniards who love a colorful and gory bullfight. Needless to say, this is pre-Civil War and pre-Hemingway. Some of the religious angles, especially those conversations with and about the Blessed Mother, will seem strange to American Catholics, but their intention is not to offend. Darryl Zanuck has given the film an expensive production with extravagant costumes and sets which result in several unusually effective scenes like those in the bright-hued arena, in the somber El Greco-inspired chapel, and in the dressing room where the hero-matador is clothed before an admiring and fawning audience. The whole is bathed in a flashing, well-used technicolor that heightens the fanciful story.

While he is not the passionate, excited lover that Rudolph Valentino was in the same rôle in 1922, Tyrone Power plays the lead well, and he looks and acts like the proud, uneducated, brave, brash, bragging Juan whose "stupid animal courage" is typified by his own boast: "The cow hasn't been born yet who can give birth to the bull who can harm me." He is surrounded by a good cast. Linda Darnell, as his patient, adoring wife, tells him calmly when he is garbed in his brightest regalia, "You are dressed up like a king—or a little boy." Nazimova stands out in her performance as the mother who suffers because she knows what eventually awaits her son in the arena. And there are Laird Cregar, the pompous, authoritative fight critic, and John Carradine, who rebels against the seamy side of bullfighting, who hates the hysterical, bestial crowds and the cruel sport but cannot leave the profession. Rita Hayworth lacks conviction as the nymphomaniac who adds Juan to her list of conquests, because this old style of siren-vamp went out with Nita Naldi. From the Ibanez novel, Jo Swerling has fashioned an odd and over-simplified screenplay. Its paucity of dialogue should be made up for in increased action, but unfortunately the result is that some of the characterizations are rather hazy. And there is confusion at the end as to whom or what we are to blame for Juan's death. Is he a victim of an insatiable love for bullfighting; was it in the cards that he should die sooner or later in the ring; was his career ruined by the siren; did the fickle, lusty crowd cause his downfall; or was his death pure accident? Although Rouben Mamoulian did not see fit to clarify these points, he has given his film some fine direction. I wish he had emphasized even more strongly the viciousness of bull fighting. And I wish his editors had cut more efficiently. Two hours of this kind of entertainment is too much of death of an afternoon.

There's a brace of new comedies this week; but none of them is likely to make you forget that the world is too much with us. In *"She Knew All the Answers,"* Joan Bennett, as a chorus babe, is supposed to know all the answers, but she quickly shows she doesn't when she doesn't even make an honest stab at being a fairly competent white-collar girl. This is one of those stuffy, overacted farces full of quips that fall flat, and unfunny incidents that leave you wondering who thought *that* up—and why. Director Richard Wallace probably had an idea that the situation in which the dumb switchboard operator throws Wall Street into a flurry by saying her boss is bearish may have been funny in 1929. It belongs back there; and so does the rich-employer-takes-poor-working-girl-to-Coney-Island episode; and so does the girl-gets-boss ending. Franchot Tone, as the sedate Wall Streeter who

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learns to woo, gives off a gleam of fun every now and then, and he gets good assistance from Eve Arden and John Hubbard. But it all comes to nothing.

"Love Crazy" tries to be nonsense for grown-ups. Its chief entertainment supposedly lies in its farcical situations and its funny wisecracks, most of which are of the *double entendre* variety that hover around the risqué. And its chief drawback is that most of it is old hat. Myrna Loy and William Powell, who do this flippant, modern husband and wife stuff well, have been doing it together in so many pictures that you are never sure that you haven't seen this one before. The plot about the very debonair, four-year-married couple and the other woman and other man and the wife's threatening divorce and the husband's pretending insanity has already been worn threadbare. Jack Conway manages to introduce a few new clever tricks in his direction; and Jack Carson, Gail Patrick, Florence Bates and Donald MacBride give their usual support. The insanity stuff, carried farther than usual, becomes painful, not comic. Although Powell's act in women's clothes is great fun, it is still "Charley's Aunt" and nothing new.

I couldn't figure out how *"Affectionately Yours"* got its name; and I really couldn't discover why it was made. Perhaps Warner Brothers realized that another studio had done well with their Dennis Morgan (who was Wyn in "Kitty Foyle") so they decided to give him a chance. This film isn't his big opportunity. Although he is surrounded by a good cast: Merle Oberon, Rita Hayworth, Ralph Bellamy and James Gleason, none of the people involved gets anywhere with the silly story and inane wisecracks. It's all about a reporter who really loves his wife, but she refuses to be married to his journalistic career; so she divorces him and he has to win her back. Some of the slapstick is reminiscent of the Keystone Cops; but it was all done better before so why waste our time with it again?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Through Disaster

France My Country. Jacques Maritain. Longmans. $1.25.

THIS BOOK is one we have been needing. "My only purpose," Jacques Maritain writes in his preface, "has been to try to perceive and to say what is true. I have endeavoured to speak justly and objectively of things that touch my heart." This is precisely what so many other books on the defeat of France have failed to do. Their authors have too often been unable to put aside politics and jealousy and vanity and axe-grinding and all the other badges of pettiness. "France My Country" has none of these failings. Every American who wants to be strong himself and wants his country to be strong when the hour of decision arrives is in duty bound to read it. There is a lesson for us in every line.

Maritain's judgment of his people is severe. He knows that when France failed wretchedly to rise to the crisis, the Left was at fault for having collaborated in the tragic confusion of the Popular Front. He knows also that the Right was at fault, perhaps even more at fault, for having put its own interests before those of the whole country by turning for support to the iniquity of the dictators. And underlying all this was the great fault of the bourgeoisie as a class, its failure to shoulder the responsibilities which must be assumed by the governing group.

The result was a poorly fought war and a deplorable peace. The army chiefs, prepared for a war that had already been decided two decades before, based their superficial logic on premises already falsified by time itself. The facile rationalism which Maritain has always distrusted in his people—the French conviction that if an idea is clear it must be true—blinded them to reality. The army was both physically and psychologically unprepared.

Those who accepted the armistice were no more realistic They could have realized that the salvation of France lay in an English victory, but they did not dream that England could long go on alone. They could have carried on the battle in their Empire, but they did not know what the power and resources of their Empire could mean. They could have sent the fleet to England, but they were afraid of losing their ships forever. They thought as defeated soldiers and not as statesmen, dominated by shortsighted pity for their people and an obstinate belief that it was possible honorably to collaborate with the forces of immorality. Whoever reads this book will be convinced that if Maritain errs he errs on the side of charity—he could have named names and called names. He obviously hopes for little good to come out of Vichy and he would deplore a closer alliance between Vichy and the Catholic Church, but he regards the men involved, noble and venal alike, as only the agents of error. The catastrophe, as he sees it, is the catastrophic failure of French intelligence and French insight.

The common people, he insists, are not corrupt and they are not in decadence. They were ready for any sacrifice, and now that the time for sacrifice is past, they are already making their pitiful effort to rebuild what was lost. Their instinctive decency and integrity is the one great bulwark between France and the totalitarianism which would otherwise be imposed upon her. They were politically demoralized but—these are Maritain's words—they were not *morally* demoralized. If they were at fault, the fault was that of tolerating bad leaders.

For in the last analysis, the great error of the French was, Maritain says, political. The fault was not the fault of democracy itself, but of *a* democracy. After 150 years of political experience France had still not forged a form of government capable of rising above events. Her democracy made the fatal mistake of excluding absolutes, of allowing right and wrong to become a simple matter of counting ballots in a box; it changed first principles according to the whims of legislation, and then, when the blow fell and France needed the principles on which to base decisive, forthright, unanimous action, the principles were not there. French democracy lacked a religion.

And so France fell. Yet Maritain, for all his severity, is not simply passing judgment on his people. He is also pleading for them.

> . . . This people was, and is still, the most civilized, tolerant, peaceful, industrious and generous in the works of the mind, the most spiritualized in spite of its failings, the most Christian without boast, the closest to the soil and to reality, the richest in inner resources, the most able to profit from misfortune and to scoff at false gods. . . .

Only a Frenchman could write such words. Possibly only a Frenchman could believe them, at least in their

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literal sense. But they are written, as their author says, "out of the anguish of the heart." Knowing that the fate of the French, the length of their bondage, depends in large part on us, he is pleading a double plea, first for us to understand and then for us to have the wisdom not to make the mistake the French made—not to cut ourselves off with politics from the deepest sources of our energy. Such a book as this is bound to give the measure of the man who wrote it and "France My Country" is a noble book.

W. M. FROHOCK.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

The Devil of the Machine Age. J. Russell Smith. Harcourt. $1.50.

IT IS the author's claim that an economy of relative scarcity, though dear to the hearts of manufacturers and farmers and organized labor everywhere, has been weighed by social science and found defective. It has eyes for high prices and little time for consumers' wants. He calls it the system of "every man for himself against all others." He notes one important exception however, namely, that individuals as producers want high prices for their own products and therefore cherish the thought of scarcity, while as consumers they seek another's goods at low prices and to that extent an economy of abundance. Both urges are a part of one pattern of selfishness. He holds that most modern industrialists look upon scarcity as their idol while bedeviling the ancient goal of all men, abundance, the full cornucopia. He combs the world for illustrations to show that the evil is coterminous with it.

He concludes that of the two theories of business, (a) a small turnover with large profits per unit, and (b) a large turnover with small unitary profit, only the latter interests the consumer. He pleads for intelligent pricing, particularly by enterprises that enjoy a monopolistic position, if full government intervention is to be held off.

In view of the favor with which students of the papal labor encyclicals and more specifically of Pius XI's program of occupational organization within industry look upon the establishment of employers' associations to cooperate with workingmen's unions, farmers' and professional and consumers' groups, his criticism of industrial self-government during our "recovery" or NRA days is worthy of close reading. After skirting along the edges of government ownership and collectivism for a lap or two around the track, he returns to normal in his final summation that, in the new era, there will be room for private business for profit alongside consumers' cooperatives, producers' cooperatives, consumer organizations for protection, government operation of some enterprises and private enterprises operated without profit.

It is easy to say that its ninety pages are exhilarating.

JOHN P. BOLAND.

CRITICISM

Vermeer. Complete Phaidon Edition. Oxford U. $3.50.

HERE IS Vermeer complete: 43 paintings including 5 of disputed attribution. The most recent discovery, the "Supper at Emmaus," came to light only a few years ago out of the linen-cupboard of a house in Paris; the Vereeniging Rembrandt paid £75,000 for it, although as recently as 1901 the (not yet identified) "Christ in the House of Mary and Martha," now in the London National Gallery, was bought for 8 pounds in Bristol, and the "Head of a Girl" in the Mauritshuis at The Hague sold at auction for a couple of shillings.

Even within the author's sparse output, there is a noticeable lack of variety. 21 paintings are of single figures; in 18 light is admitted through a visible window at the left and in most cases even the panes of the window are recognizable, as are such studio properties as the Gobelins tapestry, the chair-back decorated with seated lions, the map and paintings on the rear wall. 26 of Vermeer's 43 paintings measure less than 2 feet in their longest dimension; 5 of them, including "The Lace-Maker" in the Louvre and the superb "Girl with the Red Hat" in the Washington National Gallery, less than 10 inches.

And yet who today, however the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries may have neglected him, will challenge Jan Vermeer's right to a seat among the great masters of pictorial art? The cool luminosity of his meticulously composed canvases; their placid dignity; the command of aerial tonality; the grave delicacy of his color schemes, dominated by cool deep-blues, lemon-yellows, olive-greens and dove-greys harmonized by vivid touches of bright red and golden brown—the sum is a series of unique and haunting masterpieces.

With even more than its usual generosity, the Phaidon Press has included in its complete edition of large-scale reproductions 20 in color as well as numerous close-ups exhibiting the essence of Vermeer's subtle and individual brushwork. Thomas Bodkin's brief introduction summarizes the meagre known facts of Vermeer's life.

DAVID BURNHAM.

FICTION

Satan's Sergeants. Josephine Herbst. Scribner. $2.50.

JOSEPHINE HERBST's sixth novel seems to this reviewer her best. Out of some four hundred novels reviewed in the past fifteen years or so, there are only three on the American scene which have appealed to him strongly: Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "The Time of Man" (1926), James Boyd's "Roll, River" (1935), and Miss Herbst's "Satan's Sergeants," just released. This last novel deals with life among the natives and the New Yorker émigrés of the Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farming country. The village might be New Hope, or even Erwinna, on the old Lehigh and Delaware canals. The characters, naturally, are not true to life—the author obviously does not know the real Pennsylvania Dutch—but the characters, however imaginative, are universal. Miss Herbst has followed the same technique as that used by Jules Romains in "Men of Good Will." The interplay of personalities and the constant change of scheme and scene are a bit hard to follow at first; but as the plot develops the interest and the nature of the personalities grow upon one until any intelligent reader finds himself completely engrossed and deeply moved. Even the most callous reader will find something to think about in the tragic emotionalism of Tessie Madden, the village "bad woman," in the romantic revolt of Mrs. Willard, finally estranged from a life with one who in spite of all his canes and tweeds and "tiny accomplishments" could never hide his gigantic littleness. And there are others, fit to make one laugh or cry at alternate moments; Sonnie, the village drunk, young Armstrong, who was killed at his work in the factory, and Myrtle Hulsinki, the Finno-Slavic girl whose parents got the man she loved to marry her.

There was cleavage in the little town of "Merlin" until the great fire, which no one knew who started, brought the city-folk and the country-folk together with results

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as happy as disastrous. But back of all that happens there is a wisdom, a tolerance, a sense of humor and a wise humanity which makes "Satan's Sergeants" a great novel in the United States of America. Yet no one can be sure that any of these people were really "Satan's sergeants," for they are all so lovable and so understandable, when you get to know them. LLOYD ESHLEMAN.

What Makes Sammy Run? Budd Schulberg. Random. $2.50.

THERE have been novels about Hollywood and novels about heels. "What Makes Sammy Run?" combines the two and is the novel to end all novels about Hollywood heels. Sammy Glick is no minor-Pal-Joey kind of a heel, but a major get-to-the-top-no-matter-whom-you-slaughter-on-the-way sort of vermin. Sammy is arrogant, fiercely aggressive, brazen, bullying, cunning, dishonest—there are derogatory adjectives all down the alphabet. Sammy can't have friends—only stooges and enemies and his worst enemy is himself. Sammy runs from the beginning of the book when he is a sixteen-year-old office boy on a New York newspaper until he is a big-shot Hollywood writer-producer at $2,000 a week, and, finally at the very end, a studio head. Sammy's rocket rise through chiseling, cheating and double-crossing, "was screwy, it was Horatio Alger, it was true."

While Budd Schulberg traces Sammy's amazing but interesting career as a script writer (or rather a stealer of other writers' plots), he throws in a background that is a ruthless exposé of Hollywood—complete with stars, extras, studio chatter, matters of personnel, sex, gaudy premières, the Writers' Guild, the Derby where people pay to have people watch them eat, even Sammy's four-star super-colossal wedding. This is the Hollywood that has become "a gigantic industry involving thousands of people situated in a boom town with a village psychology." Although author Schulberg merits praise for an impressive, well-constructed first novel that glitters with freshness, realistic lingo and keen observation of his specimens under the magnifying glass, he should be censured for his unnecessary overdoses of profanity and indecent language and for several instances of sensationalism. At times his sammyglickia verges on embarrassing anti-Semitism. He is harder on Jewish Sammy Glick than was James Farrell on Irish Studs Lonigan.

Schulberg knows the Hollywood whereof he speaks so cynically (for years his father has been one of the industry's leading producers). But he implies that all Hollywood is running, with his own Sammy running a little faster. Implications like that confuse the question concerning Sammy's marathon. Surely all those Sammies couldn't have the same reason for running. When Al Manheim, the I of the book, finally pieces together Sammy Glickstein's childhood—or the unchildhood of a cruelly congested Manhattan Jewish neighborhood—he knows some of the reasons for Sammy's determined, breathless racing. People aren't just results; they're a process.

Rumor now hath it that this book is being banned in certain places, that city fathers are objecting to its frankness, its 1941 reality. Full well may they deplore its crudeness and shocking immorality, but they cannot disregard its factual evidence. Recently I met one of the brighter movie stars and I asked him what film people thought of the novel. He whispered his reply: "All Hollywood is reading the Schulberg book and admitting its truth—behind closed doors." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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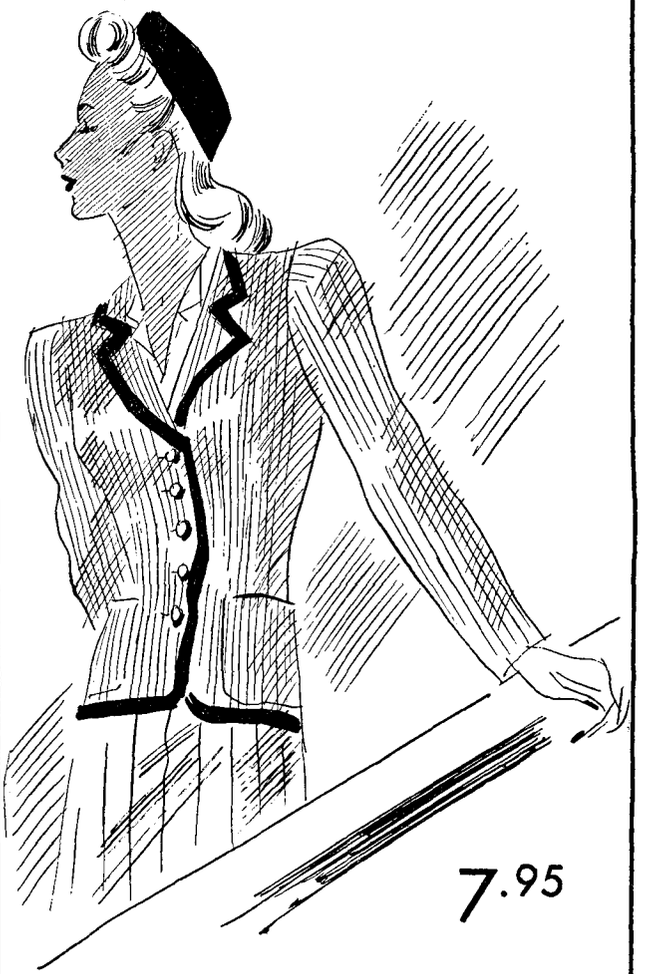

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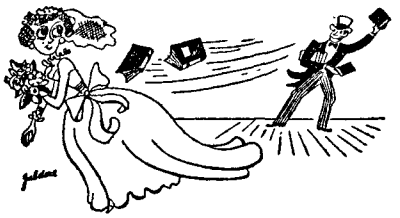

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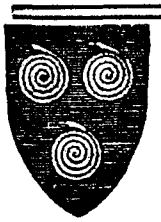

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HISTORY

The Writings of Margaret Fuller. Selected and Edited by Mason Wade. Viking. $5.00.

WHEN MR. WADE says of Margaret Fuller, "She was by no means a great writer. She wrote too much, with necessity driving her pen; she wrote too hastily, with a constitutional impatience of organization and detail; she wrote awkwardly, for conversation and not the written word was her medium," he says the best that can be said. A less friendly critic might regard her as a rather bad writer. And though she impressed herself upon her period through the brilliance of her conversation, her writing bears too often the impress of her lectures, reading like notes for those endless and variegated series that Dickens so cruelly satirized in "Martin Chuzzlewit." That she was a remarkable personality we must believe, for Mr. Wade proved as much (if it needed proving) in his recent biography. The eccentricity also contributed: common as this quality was among transcendentalists, only Margaret could sit down after a Beethoven concert and write a letter to Beethoven. Finally there was the spectacular end—a marriage of the confirmed old maid and feminist to a Roman *marchese,* so soon followed by the death of husband, wife and child at sea. No wonder Margaret Fuller became a legend.

At every turn we meet her. How could it be otherwise, with the friend of Emerson and the Channings? That is why Mason Wade uses the sub-title "Whetstone of Genius" in writing her life. She stimulated them, and she pleased them by drawing upon their work for her lectures. Small as was the *Dial's* circulation, it was read with almost superstitious awe; and the *Dial* was Margaret. For her editorship she was qualified by a prodigious reading, especially in dead and foreign languages. These she had known from her cradle, and their knowledge gave her enormous prestige. But she brought a keenly observant eye and a sharp tongue to her work. At the age of nine we find her writing to tell her father of the approaching marriage of a Mr. Wheeler and the widow Balch of Dorchester. "She is a very young widow for she is not more than 25 & is not likely to meet the fate of his former wives." Already her feminism is in bud! In the present volume it is exemplified by her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," the rest being her "Summer on the Lakes," a selection from her voluminous criticism, her "Italy and the Roman Revolution" and a group of letters.

The editing is a first-class job. Mr. Wade provides us even with what would seem to be a complete list of all her scraps of journalism, including editorials in Horace Greeley's *Tribune.* All these are carefully dated. The scholarship of the work is so thorough as to make it unnecessary for it ever to be attempted again. All that we need of Margaret Fuller is here. The student of the period who hears so much about her and yet can find so little of her writing accessible, now at last has the best of it in a single volume; he is not likely to want more.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Germany Prepares for War: a Nazi Theory of "National Defense." Ewald Banse. Harcourt. $3.00.

THE first edition in English of Banse's "Raum und Volk in Weltkriege" appeared in 1934. The reason for translating the work of a relatively obscure nazi writer at that time was to awaken the English-speaking world to the fact that, assurances to the contrary, Ger-

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many was preparing for a new war. That the publishers and many others who raised their voices in warning failed signally is a matter of record. The English then were isolationists. They just were not interested in the European continent. In the case of Banse's book they had as an excuse the fact that the nazi leadership thought it expedient to disclaim any responsibility for the ideas expressed by Banse and to even refer to his statements as "senseless babblings."

This indeed they are, even according to nazi standards. The book purports to analyze the geographical and racial elements entering into modern warfare and to review the happenings of the first World War under these aspects. Interspersed are suggestions of what Germany should do on the next occasion—which now has arisen. But the course of the war up to now has certainly not produced any indications that the German general staff has adopted the nonsensical suggestions of Banse. He criticizes the Anglo-Saxon conduct of war as giving the impression of a business enterprise "well thought out, carefully even elaborately prepared, systematically adopted and carried through quietly and cooly," and states, "Such methods . . . have an unprofessional look." The German high command has adhered to these "unprofessional" methods with great success so far, at least as far as land warfare is concerned. The preparation of the various "blitz campaigns" was in fact the ultimate in systematical long range planning, meticulous coordination and perfect timing. It is true that Banse "predicted" that an invasion of Holland and Belgium was necessary to overwhelm France. But everybody with the exception of the Dutch and Belgian governments knew that before Banse was heard of.

The much quoted paragraph about the transfer of the Nordic portion of the French people to the eastern part of Germany is preceded by the following sentence which has not been highlighted sufficiently in the recent discussion of Banse's idea: "This Germanic element is France's main generator of vital energy; it alone is responsible for that current of unrest which has constantly disturbed the peace of Europe." This sample should suffice to demonstrate the complete ignorance and inconsistency displayed by this much over-rated author. In fact this reviewer fails to see why a reprint was considered necessary at this time. The book is about as dated as a 1939 fighter plane.

F. BAERWALD.

BRIEFER

Living Treasure. Ivan T. Sanderson. Viking. $3.50.

JAMAICA, British Honduras and Yucatan are the locale of this worthy successor to "Animal Treasure" and "Caribbean Treasure." The treasures Ivan Sanderson collects (and enchantingly illustrates) range from wild Haitian horses to a certain minute parasite found only inside the ear of certain bats. But the collection of specimens is only a beginning; a live animal in its natural habitat is more interesting to Sanderson than a pickled or stuffed one, and particularly he is interested in the systematic "dissection" of divergent ranges of jungle to determine the linkage of fauna and flora through the climatology of their environment. Especially recommended is the account of the air-conditioned colonies of parasol ants, the only animals apart from man that have developed the practice of agriculture. Unhappily, the author betrays recurrent symptoms of having been infected by the whimsy bug, a widespread pest to which British travelers appear particularly susceptible.

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The Inner Forum

TWO PUBLICATIONS not included in the summary of the progress of the liturgical movement in this country in the April 25 issue of THE COMMONWEAL are *Altar and Home* and the *Living Parish*. The first of these, published each month by Conception Abbey of Conception, Mo., as its title indicates, seeks to build up consciously Christian homes through observance of the Christian Liturgy. *Altar and Home* costs 50c a year.

The *Living Parish,* published by the Pio Decimo Press of 3908 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo., is a newer venture, being still in its first year. It also sells for 50c a subscription. It is published at the beginning of the following liturgical seasons: Advent, Christmas, Lent, Paschaltime and Time after Pentecost. The sixth issue of the year (on the latter part of Time after Pentecost) is published in the fall. The Advisory Board of the *Living Parish* includes Very Rev. Martin B. Hellriegel, pastor of Holy Cross Parish, Rev. William Puetter, S. J., of St. Joseph Parish, and Rev. Cornelius Flavin, Holy Rosary Parish, all of St. Louis, Mo.

The June issue of the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* includes an article, "Presenting the Dialogue Mass," by Rev. George Zimpfer of Williamsville, N. Y., "Restoring to our people the beauties of Gregorian chant, whose roots are sunk deeply in a monastic culture strikingly different from our own, is a task far more difficult and demands far more courage and perseverence. If that experiment in musical prayer has had gratifying results in increasing our people's appreciation of social and corporative worship, why should we have serious doubts about the comparatively simple experiment of teaching them 'to pray the Mass with the priest?'"

The current issue of *Orate Fratres,* founded by the late Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., and the chief organ of the liturgical movement in this country, tells of accomplishments at the University of Illinois, where Rev. Roger Schoenbechler, O.S.B., is chaplain of the Newman Foundation. Some 900 students assist at the High Mass on Sundays and sing the responses, the *Kyrie,* the *Sanctus* and the *Agnus Dei.* "The *Gloria* and *Credo* are being practiced and will be sung at Mass in the near future. The choir or schola is composed entirely of students and has acquired considerable skill in singing the proper from the 'Liber Usualis' for every Sunday."

CONTRIBUTORS

Louis N. SARBACH is a Twin Cities journalist.

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David BURNHAM is an author and critic; his last novel was "Last Act in Bermuda."

Lloyd ESHLEMAN is the author of a recent life of William Morris.

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